

15 YEARS AFTER THE
FIRST EPITAPH TO
'CALIFORNICATION':
POSTHUMOUS FINEX

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At forty there was a realization of a change in me, a water-mark, with many deft petals and shells—and even mind-cones— . . . to parry my dragons and demons. A phase was introduced, a primer, like a poultice or a tea bag, that was following the rules of absorption and finishing. Finally, after two years, at the age of forty-two, the finishing had finished. Something could create by what it had only sensed a few years ago—now, a new era, where to all things important, you appoint disregard; where to all things in disregard, you appoint importance. In which the twigs of history no longer have to rely on heavy rainfalls to drive away the scarcity of water and cause the skies to grey, in order for history—the redeemingly garish twigs—to be accepted: that there might come an occasional success in something, and by that only enable you to believe in those twigs; when in everything else you are a failure. Now I love mortality. I await the Resurrection. I am really happy. I know that nothing more has to be done.

So I thought that I was finished. That I had reached the end. That I might not write. It's not true. I still have a lot to write, even if nothing more has to be done. For example—water. Then again, cigarette ash, and then again killing the cigarette; ah, then watching the water flow and anticipating the possibility of eternity. Well, I do go places: To quarries, I go to slaughterhouses, I go into fogs, I go into forests splayed with the day's light rendered eve-like by the rays—and yes, I can see the forest from the trees! I go to places that are still quiet. Places that bosses and the leading classes cannot use as doormats on which to wipe their unshod feet—they have no grace in their gait. Elsewheres though, they will, one day, go into those houses and burn. They will wipe their unshod feet everywhere. They will not stop. They will leave only ash. They actually believe that they can own ash.

'There is no escape from incarnation. . . Womb of the Lamb, Spoiler of the Ram.' David Jones had keen insights. The Lamb raises the dead and leaves behind the earth pristine incarnate as the womb it came out of. The Ram leaves ash. As Rome, it believes it can own ash. That's not as trivial as an unbeliever might think; or might not, after all. The world is still parrying its devices. Seemingly

small ineffective gestures, or pertinent ones like a wink. All while living under a final and extraordinary enhancement of the status quo. Well. Well.

There are matters to attend to however. I have attend to many things. Like, for example, hygiene. As the first man, and I. The New Adam brushing his teeth and scouring his crotch for twenty-first century scruff, on good mornings, or shall we say. . . fortunate mornings—scouring it for the croff of the cunt. Those are wondrous mornings, they have been since the First Adam. Though he may have been less fortunate when he woke up—but that’s history, we’ve got two thousand years now of freedom from that, thanks to the Θεοτόκος: Mary’s parturition of the Christ child, God-bearing Him, He the God-Man, God Become Man, the preface to the resurrection of all souls for all eternity, of all Dead from the beginning of time. I then, the New Adam, I must attend, to matters. As my Brother, as I. As Man in the compound meaning. We are all new Adams. Thanks to Mary’s parturition. How do we perform? That’s what I ask the woman on my fortunate mornings, as I go for the croff, then leave off of that nonsense of bathing, and return to get more smell and skin, to generate more croff, more mixing and grinding of skein and skin, grists off of our Mandala Wheel in the 69 ←See where she is? O yes then. O yes then. You’ve got the same stuff in your life. You understand. You’re Adam too; ah, Adam II too (you know, the second one, like me). That’s what happens when you turn forty-*two*. It’s a majority impulse then. That is to say, is the impulse of the Majority of Us Adams: The 69 Mandala, turning forever as the mill for the skeins of the two groins! That covers hygiene I think, one of the things I must attend to. The rest, the brushing of the teeth, the deodorant, it all follows from that easily. We understand. Hygiene is not less holy, it is just more gritty. While we’re on that, what would incarnation be without hygiene? Dirty. Without incarnation, whence hygiene? It would return to a high ideal, I am sure. But in who’s mind? That you will never know. Besides, it’s hypothetical, it’s not mysterious or grand or even real.

I must attend to reporting on world events as well. So: To fagot. To truss. To ease in. Well this is a hard one, it’s the mystical heart in the ancient Arthurian politics of this tabled and chaliced, chancre-d world: The flag-draped military-borne black coffins of the Polish President and his First Lady were interred in the ancient crypts of Poland’s great. They shall be there not far from the poets. It marks the end of something large, painful, vainglorious, idiotic, senile. It is the end to the fagotting of twentieth century man, a larger thing than what was ended, memory has its own distribution of volume for a given twig or rant or history-path. Anyway, the beginning and the end shall link and mate: 69, it’s a Mandala again. The World parrying forth, Θεοτόκος, the eternal parturition. That covers world events. I’m happy to be done with that—them. I don’t like world events. I don’t like any of them. But these were special. Imagine my stomach when they aren’t special but vulgar and on exhibition as man’s inhumanity to man just one more time, to be repeated tomorrow, next month, in five minutes or five seconds.

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I was in bed. Mama came to me. She said that everything would be fine. That I mustn't worry. That life can sometimes be difficult to understand. She said these things would be my certainties for my whole life. That I mustn't bemoan this, that I should do the very opposite. I wonder now where Mama came up with this perfect truth. I haven't bemoaned it. I've stayed faithful to Mama. I hardly ever worry about anything. When Joe the grocer sees me in the morning at his stall smiling at the bruises on the bad fruit in the bad fruit basket (free fruit) he shakes his head at me and says "James, what's the matter with you, boy?" Joe's Italian. I love him when he asks me that question. "I'm just admiring the best fruit in the district," I say to him. He scoffs and shakes his head and then he's got to laugh under his breath in a very controlled guffaw when he says "Have at it James, it's all yours if you want it. Rotten fruit. I wonder what so much of it must do to your stomach. . ." He trails off here or before this part depending on whether he's got to help a paying customer or not. My whole life I've wanted a way to express my impulses: those artistic, those social, those intellectual, those romantic, those passionate for an idea, those passionate for a woman, those passionate for nothing except for life meaning everything, not in compound but in possibility; and for death. Why have I not wished for a way to express my impulse to birth? There are people like Joe, and I have always had good relations with them. They are fond of me but they consider me ('consider' is an important word here for me and for them) an eccentric. Way-off kilter yet in the heart of the hearts, in the heart of their hearts they know that I am there in their hearts, as they do with all of those whom they don't consider eccentric, those friends, partners, co-workers (I hate that hyphenated junk-word), and everyone else in their lives. I personally think that men like Joe, who know me, keep an even more special place for me in their hearts than they do for any of the others I've mentioned.

So I continued walking home with my bag of rotten fruit. I will cut away the rotten sections and juice the lefts, or eat them in their immediate organic form as they are cut and shaped by the incisions to remove the bad. The bad is good for the bees. I throw it out window above the kitchen sink. I know one thing that I'm not: I'm no imposter. I don't pretend. Joe sees that, and after such a long time he even knows it, he's even consciously aware of it sometimes, and I know he reflects on it sometimes, lifting an eye-brow in curiosity as he piles the fruit or moves the stocks, then shakes it off with a shake of his head. OK, I don't know it. But it's imaginable. Not everything is simply imaginable that way. Everything is imaginable as a tautology but that's at the cosmic level of stating a fact of man's potential for a scientific and observable presence in the world. Impersonal. No this is different, it requires input from real experience. Imaginable that Kate has a mole on her buttocks because she's got a few dimpled crescent lovelies on her face and a few on her higher back end that I've espied when she's in her bathing suit. I haven't made Kate yet. But I can imagine her buttocks. I can even imagine it right up against my crotch, but that's a different matter. I'm so sorry for this rant. Bad for reader's health. Better not to read it then. It's just for me. Just for me to type and fuck around in, my own enormously tiny sandbox of fuck-ups, failures, non-events, pointless ejaculations doing nothing but turning the insides of vaginas into slippery paradises to enjoy for several extra moments or another run at it. I'm just a fuck-up, but not a pretender. Is there honor in

that? None. Absolutely none. I just means that I have a romantic disease for meaning, that I don't give a fuck-shit about the meaning of meaning. Really I don't though. There have been writers who have so outranked me that why should I waste my resources (those are mine, those resources belong to no one but me) on concurrence and competition or aspiration. You are born with what you've got, a hard drive and a hard-on. Some are just better with them than I. It's one of Mamas certainties. So I have no dying afflatuses in despairing stripped emotional elements. I have no meaning of meaning. No original, nothing to derive, just the flat continuance of the hard drive and the hard-on, neither of which I enjoy very much. Another of the certainties for the full total of my life. What can I say about my neighbors with some of the crap in mind? None of them have hard drives, but they all have hard-ons. Their women get squeezed, parted in the bio-mythic anticipation of parturition and turned into water slides at the onset of the insemination and at end with bearing that child. Derived? Perhaps. Perhaps not. It can be seen as a theological question. Which is where it should be anyway.

Attendances. Attendances. How full we are of them. The species must continue. Everything that is relevant must continue. Which means everything in disregard. I swear to God that when I was a child I could tell you twenty-five different ways to get to the river, all through bush and dry dust, horny-toads and snakes, lizards, each path so exciting in its own personality. And the gush of emotion that each one gave. Each a living sanctification of my desire, full full full in the chest with outrageous ecstasy for the world, for woman, for everything. When the wind blew it was incomparable, a purple ball in the night hammering away at me in the dust bowl to the river. Names, names, of what importance? No, it was the things, the objects, the animals, the geology, looking at them, feeling them. There were no names except for your special private objects of adoration, like the horny-toads, or the tadpoles at the muddy water at the banks of the river. A name was a game for adults and fools. Fools all of them. Not a wise one to one of them. Cynical and old now, I call them faggots. They are faggots, still fools, forever faggots, forever fools. Not homosexuals, not gays, not that: *faggots*, *heterosexual straight faggots*. A child, not knowing the concept of elimination as a political tool, to survive in that world of faggots was biting on a toxic acid all day every day and at night in the dreams. Enemies in black coats with hoods and fangs. So we learned all about enemies in our dreams. They reappeared in the day. Zombies in cars. Zombies with Pepsis. Zombies with Coke. Zombies with pot. Zombies copulating. Full of shit in their bowels and pumping at each other. Holding their sphincters tight just to be sure. Biological mutants. Ever should not have existed. Ever cloning. Ever impatient. Ever blind. Ever stupid. Ever trussing the other with witchcraft. Ever letting the kids watch. Ever demons. Ever evil. Cynical and old and wrinkled my teeth rotting from lack of dentistry, that's me. But not ever trussing the other with witchcraft. Occasionally evil, but never a demon. Never a demon. Never even sincerely evil. I lack that sincerity. Sincere evil. Sincerely Evil, Yours Truly, here's your charges and bill me once a month. My turn now, idiotas, humanoid spirochetes. My old cynical wrinkles and skull-looking rotting teeth will live on for ages and I shall be resurrected as Lazarus a million billion times while you fall once and then are submerged in

Hades one time only. You're not dead, you're living. I'm dead and living. I'm not a vampire. You're vampires. You have sucked so much of our blood to enhance your own vainglorious images of yourselves. But anemia? It never happened, we are flush, it's symbiotic with our rotten teeth and eternal resurrection and kill-smile that is interchangeable with a sad-smile, a why?-smile, a how-could-you?-smile. Your smile? A *whence*?-smile. I am so sorry. You were the American dream. That's what happens to (R)American dreams, throughout time, the ages, the only-partly contiguous eras, — your bane, you faggot sexual spastic (Zappa, citationed, an anomaly, how the hell the fuck did he come of you? He must have been a fucking alien, alien to combat and mock the vampires, he cut you up in pieces *he did he idiot*).

Attend! Attend! I must attend! I sound like Dickens! Great Expectations! Shall we bargain a Right? A Right to what? To Write! Let's bargain. You want to Bet? You *ARE* a fucking scoundrel! "She wants it up the ass, give it to her up the ass." Time's they'had-a-changed-a-uggg-Bob So You wanna Bet? Fine! Let's Bet then! Straight Flush! You look Anemic! O don't take it so hard: That's not like a good Vampire. Cheer up! Hey, they're playing Barry White! O Yeah, like Marvin, you didn't like him. Didn't carry enough venom is what I read. Well I still like Barry White.

The boys made it. They made it against the wishes and the expectations of 99% of humanity. Well I was a boy. No big deal. But just to relate an item, I just want to relate some items, I just want to relate an item. I used to listen to AC/DC: Dirty Deeds Dunderchiefs. I never knew what Dunderchiefs meant. And I still don't. Isn't that pretty pathetic for an intellectual fok like me? Probably. Be that as it may. Going back to the childhood, I love that phrase: Dun Der Chiefs. And I know that it was swimming in my mind in the brazen context of Piaget's theories, and beliefs, and convictions, about children, and what they do, and unfortunately what they represent, because when we represent we are returning to the adult world. Nonetheless, it was swirling in Piaget's orbit, against 99% of humanity's wishes, against very nearly 100% of all of our standard output standard fare Nobel academics and their nearly equal pure ilk. But I was a child once. And I remember the Dunderchiefs. Done Dirt Cheap.